THE

POLYANTHOS.

MAY, 1807.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *GENERAL WILLIAM EATON.*

FEW of late have been those opportunities in our country, where military abilities have been called into exertion; but few as they have been, America can boast of men who have done honour to her name and justice to her cause. The ocean has seen our flag wave triumphant over her bosom, and Africa would have felt the strength of our arms, had not our Eaton been arrested in mid progress by the hand of pusillanimous and calculating power.

To our humble efforts to trace his progress and describe those scenes in the political world in which he has been engaged, his name alone will be sufficient to attract attention. Our knowledge of him will not permit us to be diffuse; but what we are enabled to lay before the publick,

we have from indisputable authority, and know to be correct.

WILLIAM EATON was born on the 23d of February, 1764, at Woodstock in Connecticut. His father, a respectable and independent farmer, gave his son all those advantages for improvement, which his situation and property could command. But WAR appears to have been "his favourite and his first pursuit;" for at the age of sixteen he voluntarily left his home and his studies, and entered as a private centinel in the army of the revolution. There he continued during our arduous and eventful struggle, and at its fortunate conclusion returned to his home, having been raised to the non-commissioned grade of a sergeant. But unfortunately for his future prospects, he found the resources of his father greatly exhausted by having placed too much confidence in the then paper currency. He resumed his classical studies, however, notwithstanding the difficulties which a want of pecuniary assistance must necessarily throw around him. These his perseverance, diligence and economy overcame; and entering Dartmouth College, he obtained with his class the honours of that seminary.

Leaving college, Mr. Eaton chose and pursued the profession of the law, and commenced business as an attorney at Windsor in Vermont. In 1790 he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly of that State.

In the year 1792, General Wayne was appointed to the command of our army against the Indians, who had long conducted a destructive war against our frontier settlements. And in March, of the same year, Mr. Eaton was appointed to the command of a company, which he recruited in Vermont, and with which he was to join the forces under General Wayne. Soon after this appointment, he married the young widow of the late Major-General Danielson. It is said that one preliminary of this marriage was, that Capt. Eaton should resign his commission. But as the Indian war then raged in the north west, as he had already accepted the command, and collected his company, and as his inclination prompted to military achievements, his determination was not to be shaken. He answered, "Madam, if I had thought you capable of admitting a coward to your confidence, certainly I should never have made you an honourable proposition. Say that I have erred in my opinion, and we will exchange letters." The marriage, however, was concluded; and in eight hours after the ceremony, he marched to join the army. Sucessful in every enterprize, braving danger and fatigue in such a perilous and difficult warfare with intrepidity, he continued on our northwestern and southern frontiers, with few intervals, until July 11, 1797, when he was appointed Consul of the United States, to the city and kingdom of Tunis; charged, with his col-

leagues on that coast, with full power to alter and modify the treaty with that regency. In this commission he continued five years and eight months.*

At this crisis the affairs of General Eaton assume a brighter aspect; as they are those which have passed more immediately under our inspection, and have excited high interest in every breast, which holds sacred the honour of our country. That nest of tyrants, which have so long been the scourge of the commerce of the Mediterranean, and, to the disgrace of Europe, its terrour, had plundered our ships, and held our citizens in bondage. Redress was sought, or rather means were used to assuage, if possible, their thirst of plunder. But as treaties were of no avail, and as the pledged honour of their country is nothing in competition with gold; that was the only medicine which in any degree could allay the fever of avarice. Gold therefore was tried; but it was soon found that to cure them was impossible. Another method was to be used, and force was the only one which could prove effectual.

* General Eaton's transactions on that coast may be found in his statement, accompanying his petition to Congress of the 20th Feb. 1804. We have endeavoured to obtain it, but have been unsuccessful, and can therefore lay none of the particulars before our readers.

Tripoli was the power against which this force was to be directed; and accordingly war had been declared, and a small navy sent into the Mediterranean. But this force, though it served to hold the barbarians in check, could not bring them to terms. In an unfortunate attack upon the town in 1804, the frigate Philadelphia was lost, and the brave crew made prisoners by their enraged enemies. And although under the command of that experienced and brave officer, Com. Preble, Tripoli was attacked in a manner highly honourable to him, and with that courage and resolution which have ever distinguished our officers and seamen, yet the small force with which economy had supplied him, rendered his efforts unavailing. It was near this period that the enterprising and active mind of Gen. Eaton formed and communicated to government the project of chastising the temerity of the Bashaw, by forming a coalition with his brother Hamet, the legitimate sovereign of Tripoli, who had been driven from his throne by the usurpation and treachery of his brother. This plan of attack was approved by our government, and on the 30th of March, 1804, Gen. E. was commissioned to execute it. He accordingly immediately began his operations, and in July of the same year left the capes in the squadron commanded by Com. Barron, destined to that service. In Sept. he arrived in the Mediterranean, and in Nov. following sailed in the Argus, Capt. Hull, for

Alexandria in Egypt, in search of Hamet. He was then in upper Egypt, in the army of the Mameluke Beys, who were then at war with the Ottoman government. To seek and find him was a task which required the inflexible courage and determined mind of an Eaton to execute. Egypt was at this time desolated by a cruel civil war. The wild and wandering Arab had no check upon his cruelty and avarice; and the army of the Ottomans, which were interposed between him and the man he sought, were tainted with suspicion of the General and his followers. But the courage of the soldier and the firmness of the man were not to be shaken. Those difficulties, united to the natural suspicious character and cruel nature of the Turks, he faced without shrinking, and he overcame them. Hamet withdrew himself from the Mameluke army, and their exertions, in a short time, raised in Alexandria the little army of five hundred men. "We shall now, says Gen. E. in one of his letters, take up our line of march through the deserts of Lybia to Derne. If our measures are supported, he (Jussuf Bashaw) must fly his kingdom, or die. How glorious would be the exhibition, to see our fellowcitizens in captivity in Tripoli, march in triumph from a dungeon to their tyrant's palace, and display there the flag of the United States."

On the 6th March, 1805, Gen. Eaton entered the desert of Lybia, at the head of a heterogeneous host, which he had gathered on

the borders of Egypt, and which was composed of twelve different nations. Among those were only eleven Americans, and about seventy or eighty Greeks and Frenchmen, under the command of Capt. O'Bannan of Virginia. After surmounting incredible obstacles and sufferings, for fifty days, in the desert, and travelling the space of six hundred miles, where not a cottage, nor a forest tree, nor a natural source of water is found, and where not a mortal inhabits, except here and there a wandering tribe of marauding Arabs, they arrived and encamped on the 26th April, in the rear of Derne.

Derne is situated on the western side of the gulph Sidra, the famous Syrtis of the ancients, and was built by the Moors when driven out of Andalusia in Spain. It was well fortified, being defended by a fort and batteries, and a strong garrison. It is the capital of the richest province in Tripoli, the key of the kingdom, and its population estimated at 15000 souls. Gen. Eaton immediately prepared to attack the town. His army, by the accession of Arabs, now amounted to about 2500 men. He immediately summoned the governour of the city, who was a Turkish general, to surrender his garrison, and received this laconick answer; "*my head, or yours.*" After having received one field piece and some supplies from Capt. Hull, of the Argus, he immediately commenced the attack by land, while the three frigates opened upon the fort and batteries of the town. After

a severe contest of about two hours, the place was taken by assault. But unfortunately, in turning the left wing of the enemy's line with the bayonet, Gen. E. received a wound in the left wrist by a pistol ball, which has deprived him of the strength of his arm.

A large army which had been collected by Jussuf Bashaw for the purpose of driving them out of the country, now appeared before the walls of Derne. On the 13th of May General Eaton gave them battle. For a long time the victory was doubtful, until by a skilful manœuvre of General Eaton, they were compelled to retreat in the utmost confusion. They however still hovered around him, till at length, after a series of successful skirmishes, on the 10th of June he totally overthrew and repulsed them, and opened his way, without further opposition to the gates of Tripoli. Thus far victory attended his progress. What might have been his future fate it is impossible to determine; but from his former perseverance and success, there can be little doubt in supposing that his exertions would have been crowned with conquest. But at this very moment, when his prospects were the brightest,—when victory appeared most lovely,—and when a few more vigorous efforts would have humbled the tyrants of Africa, a peace was suddenly concluded, and a full stop put to his glorious career. What must have been his feelings we cannot perhaps easily conceive. He was, says

one of our publick papers, on the deck of the brig Hornet, when he received the intelligence. He appeared astonished, and striking his hand against his thigh, exclaimed, "My God! what shall I do with the poor fellows who have followed my fortunes through the desert!" In this situation he remained some minutes, unconscious of the tear which trickled down his cheek.

Tobias Lear, Esq. was then the commissioner of the United States to conclude a peace with Tripoli. The Bashaw, humbled by the severe attacks of our navy and the victorious band of General Eaton, trembled for the safety of his throne and dominions. A little longer, and perhaps we might have been able to dictate terms with the point of the bayonet; but unfortunately for the honour of the American nation, Mr. Lear seized upon this critical juncture to give 60,000 dollars for a peace, and the liberation of our countrymen, to an almost conquered enemy; and General Eaton was withdrawn from the coast. The Tripolitan acknowledged himself defeated; and fraud or envy must have influenced the abandonment of such high grounds. If envy it must consume itself. But truth bids us declare, that the acquisition of peace, and the emancipation of three hundred American citizens, are unquestionably due to the exertions of General Eaton. The squadron under Commodore Barron never appeared before the enemy's walls, and no ap-

pearance of a meditated attack could have induced the enemy to treat on terms so unusual. It is besides well known, that these terms would have been more honourable if the arrangements concerted between Eaton and the Commodore, had been left to his execution.

Since his return to his native country, the honours which have been paid him in every place he has visited, the marked attention he has every where received, strongly evince how high he stands in the estimation of his countrymen. As our limits will not permit us to enlarge the present imperfect sketch, we shall forbear any remarks upon his highly honourable conduct with regard to Mr. Burr. And the reader will more readily excuse us, as the facts have been so lately under the publick eye.

General Eaton now lives retired from publick service, employed in cultivating his farm at Brimfield. In his person he is little above the common size, extremely well made, of commanding aspect and noble presence. He professes the religion of the gospel, but advocates free toleration; is immoveably attached to the constitution and laws of his country; is a republican by principle and by practice, but despises governmental pusillanimity, and national humiliation.

Boston, May 20, 1807.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Lucubrations of Nehemiah Notional.

N°. V.

"Quid decent, quid non oblitus."—*Hor.*
"Forgetting all of decency or shame."

The industry with which some men strive to make themselves noticed by the small part of the world, which comes within their sphere of action, is indeed astonishing. Though offended and disgusted, one cannot help smiling at the extravagant and ridiculous actions, which this thirst for notoriety will induce a man to perform. We daily see those, whom nature evidently designed for obscurity, perhaps for usefulness, eagerly ascending the ladder of folly and even of vice, that they may attract the gaze of the idle, obtain the applause of the ignorant and abandoned; willingly becoming the laughing stock of the very dregs of society, rather than remain unnoticed, and undistinguished.

Desire of *fame* has ever been a copious source of absurdity and folly; for unfortunately in our plans to obtain it we generally miscalculate our powers, mistake our talents, frequently take upon our shoulders a heavier load than we can carry, engage in enterprizes to which we are totally inadequate. Rashness and extravagance

usually mark the conduct of those, in whom this passion predominates. I do not however mean to attribute the excessive ridiculousness of the characters under consideration to love of fame. Surely *they* never ought to be numbered among her votaries, whose sole ambition is to attract the attention of the multitude, whose only claim to notoriety is the exuberance of their follies; who considering themselves as licensed excentricks, insultingly violate those rules of propriety, which other men respect and observe; who, to astonish the weak, and offend the judicious, industriously deviate from that path which reason and religion prescribes. Their absurd conduct may more properly be traced to their despair of obtaining notice, should they suffer themselves to be restrained by the laws of decency and virtue.

Thirst for notoriety has performed miracles in every age and nation. It has made a man of sense play the part of a monkey, caused a man of principle to assume the character of a lawless libertine, induced a christian to utter the language and defend the sentiments of infidelity. Our fathers viewed these consequences with wonder and astonishment, but they do not afford us matter even for surprise, so truly insignificant are they when compared with the miracle our times have witnessed. Miraculous power has in this age been exerted to such a degree, that admiration's self is wearied with employment. Desire of *notice* has lately formed a

critick and an author from the same materials which compose a FOOL; induced a shallow-pated, filthy tongued blackguard to undertake the office of a REFORMER!!

I suppose that many of my readers will esteem this account an excessive tax on their credulity, for happily the circulation of the productions of this conceited dabler at authorship, has as yet been confined to this metropolis, and I add with pleasure, is decreasing. Even the Notionals, (to their honour be it spoken) who have ever been forward to encourage every species of folly which has prevailed in society, have hitherto been very moderate in their patronage of this impertinent scribbler. Some few however have attempted to introduce these criticisms, essays, reviews, &c. (for this filthy trash is dignified with such names) to notice, by reading them aloud in book stores with much apparent satisfaction; and one, probably their author, ventured to puff them in a publick paper. These praises however, are very far from being loud or extravagant; and I feel confident that the contempt and indignation which they now excite, will shortly give place to *more galling oblivion.*

The pamphlets to which I allude, will easily be distinguished by the impudence, ignorance, and obscenity, which pervades them. Their author has wantonly sacrificed decency, truth, and honour at the shrine of *notoriety.* The scurrility with which he loads our brightest charac-

ters, the acrimony with which he mentions our our most valuable institutions, are evidently the offspring of a little soul, under the powerful influence of *envy* or *private pique*. With an extravagance worthy the famous knight of La Mancha, he fancies that he redresses the grievances, decides the controversies, which vex and agitate the literary world; confidentially undertakes to protect the weak, viz. those whom all others pity or despise; vainly attempts to make the powerful, (i. e. worthy) tremble and dread *his* wrath.——The picture I have drawn may by some be thought a caricature, but I assure such, that it is a faithful resemblance of a witling, whose vanity will be highly gratified by the notice I have taken of his ridiculous, his grossly indecent publications. X.

Boston, May 15, 1807.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TRASH....N°. 3.

Φλυαω και φλυαω.

THERE are more adults pleased with riddles than are willing to confess it; they are considered as an infantile amusement; and yet both sacred and profane history inform us, that in earlier ages they were held as the test of man-

ly wit and wisdom. Sampson's riddle has been thought worthy of preservation in the inspired volume, while that of the Sphynx adorns the pages of ancient profane history. It is long since I amused myself with riddles; but when I have been in search of what would be called more rational amusement in the perusal of the elder English poets, repeatedly have I cast my eye upon the following, and sometimes in an idle moment have I attempted to solve it. It may be found in the Poetical Works of Sir Thomas Wyat, the Elder---who, with the accomplished Earl of Surry, were the most brilliant belle lettres ornaments of the court of Henry VIII.

A RIDDLE OF A GYFT BY A LADIE.

A Lady gave me a gift she had not,
And I received her gift which I took not,
She gave it me willingly and yet she would not,
And I received it albeit I could not;
If she gave it me I force not,
And if she take it again she cares not;
Consider what this is and tell not,
For I am fast sworn I may not.—

CRITICISM.

Dr. Johnson, in his life of Dryden, commenting upon his Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, observes "that it does not want its negligen-

ces ; some of the lines are without correspondent rhymes ; a defect which I never detected but after an acquaintance of *many years.*" That is, while the Doctor for many years perused this divine poem with the simple design of gratifying himself with its rich and variegated beauties, he did not discover these negligences ; but when he was engaged by the London Booksellers to write the Poet's biography, he commenced the critick, and discovered, for the first time, that " some of the lines are without correspondent rhymes."

Now this is the case with all of us when we set down to criticise. We are forced to discovey some defects in order to evidence that we have some penetration. But yet, great as the Doctor is, I, who am an enthusiastick admirer of the Ode, would no more thank him for his discovery, than I would the officious person who should approach me at dinner, and point out something disgusting in my favourite dish. At the literary feast, I wish to cater for myself, and an austere, captious critick is as disagreeable to me as the Physician in Don Quixotte was to Sancho Pancha, when he criticised away the best viands from the table of that governour in the island of Barataria. The inefficacy of criticism, as operating on the publick taste, has been often displayed. The celebrated Bentley wrote a critique upon Addison's Cato, in which he condemned that popular work as a farrago of absurdities ; and yet what critick is more

reverenced than Bentley, what tragedy more read than Cato?—Dr. Johnson, after insinuating an indifferent opinion of Pomfret's Poems, observes, "that they please many, and that which pleases many must have merit." Here is the acknowledged triumph of publick taste over the fastidiosity of referred criticism. S.

HOAXING.

[*One of our correspondents in the country not long since requested a definition of the cant term* HOAX. *If he has not yet obtained one, perhaps the following story may assist him to elucidate its meaning.*]

THE following extraordinary circumstance, says a London paper, took place last week, at Hereford; in the execution of which, the depredator displayed a considerable degree of ingenuity, and every attempt to trace him has been ineffectual.

A MAN came to an inn in Broad-street, and professed himself a dealer in *smuggled tea*; from his general conduct, he soon acquired the good graces of the landlord, had constantly a party of *friends* to breakfast, dine and sup with him, and gave his entertainments in a *dashing style*. Soon after his arrival, two bags of *tea* came by the coach, for which the landlord *paid carriage*, and the *gentleman* wanting a pair of shoes, his

good natured host waited with him on a shoemaker, from whom they procured them, the innkeeper being responsible for the payment. At the end of about four days, when a *score* of between six and seven pounds had been run up at the inn, a purchaser was obtained for the tea, and paid the smuggler twenty pounds in part; and, by his desire, the *dealer* took his bargain to the house of a friend for him, being afraid of encountering the Argus eyes of the Excise at his own. After the *merchant* had delivered his *goods*, he met one of his *new friends*, from whom he requested the loan of a *new* silk-kerchief he had round his neck, which was readily lent him; he then walked off, in the *new shoes*, with it, and has not since been heard of. On opening the bags, they each contained a little fine tea on the top, the rest was sand. On the second or third day of the fellow's arrival, a watch maker from the Hay, who partook of his convivial entertainments, became anxious he should buy a watch of him, to which his friend *kindly* acceded, on condition that he should wear it a few days, in order to ascertain how it *would go*, previous to payment; it is almost superfluous for us to state, the watch *went* with him.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

CONTEMPLATOR....N°. 8.

Κρισσον μελπομένω τιῦ ἀκυέμεν, ἢ μέλι λέιχειν.

THEOC.

BEFORE we proceed in making our extracts from the Village Curate, we would call the attention of the reader to the following letter—As the production of one whose judgment we respect, and whose taste is undoubted, we can warmly recommend it; and as the effort of a friend to add strength to our weakness, we give him our most hearty thanks.

"Virtue, too,
Will ever thus her lone retreat betray,
And, spite of privacy, be sought and seen,"

Vill. Curate.

To the CONTEMPLATOR.

SIR,

Accidentally meeting with a number of the Polyanthos the other day, I was much gratified with a perusal. Yet I was chiefly pleased with the laudable attempt of the "Contemplator," to rescue a valuable literary production from unmerited obscurity. To commend where commendation is deserved, is a duty. While a deluge of frothy productions, containing "vox et præterea nihil," which owe most of the success they meet with to the *neatness* of the cover,

the *beauty* of the paper, the *delicacy* of impression, and other extrinsick ornaments, is inundating the literary world, it is a source of admiration that the Village Curate should be almost "unnoticed and unknown." Had this book been decorated with those metrical ornaments which attract the eye of the *superficial* observer, it would probably have stood conspicuous on the shelf of almost every private library. But these decorations are generally given where the subject has nothing more valuable to boast. The Village Curate is not indebted for what praise it has received to the false glare of tinsel filagree. The printer of the Newbury-Port edition might have selected the following passage as an *appropriate* motto for the *title-page*:

"What need of dress
So fine and gorgeous, if the soul within
Be chaste and pure? The fairest mask put on
Hides not the wrinkle of deformity;
A soul of worth will gild a beggar's frize,
And on his tattered suit a lustre shed
No time can change. Give to to the harlot's cheek
The glowing rouge; true virtue needs it not.
Shed perfumes in the chambers of the sick;
The lip of health has odours of it's own."

But we thank the printers for this edition and regret that there is not a greater number of copies in circulation. The happy ease and simplicity, the harmony of verse, the great originality, *nature* and morality which characterises every line, should give it a welcome reception.

But we mean not to praise. The work will speak for itself. And we take our leave, by expressing our approbation of the poem, and our thanks to its advocate. Your's &c.

J. V. J.

As our limits do not permit us to give connection to our various extracts; we shall select here and there passages which strike us, and which we think will give pleasure and satisfaction to our readers. After describing the situation of Alcanor's mansion, its rustick decorations, and simple ornaments, the Author proceeds:

Not for himself
He sought the lonely cell remote, and stored
His humble mansion with resources sweet
Of intellectual bliss. To other eyes
And other ears the lettered page unfolds
Ambrosial food, the honey of research.
'Tis not to please Alcanor's self alone,
Or frantick Dorothy, so oft is heard
The melting sound of sweet-toned harmony.
In chambers yet unsung three Fairies dwell,
Each to Alcanor bound, and near in blood,
But nearer in affection. Julia she,
Who holds the reign of household management,
And moderates with skill the lavish hand
Of hasty Dorothy. Eliza next,
Of aspect mild and ever blooming cheek;
Good humour there, and innocence, and health
Perennial roses shed. It is a May
That never quits her blush, but still the same

Is seen in Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Save when it glows with a superiour red,
Kissed by the morning breeze, or lighted up
At sound of commendation well bestowed
Under the down-cast eye of modest worth,
That shrinks at its own praise. Ye thoughtless belles,
That day by day the fashionable round
Of dissipation tread, stealing from art
The blush Eliza owns, to hide a cheek
Pale and deserted; come, and learn of me
How to be ever blooming, young and fair.
Give to the mind improvement. Let the tongue
Be subject to the heart and head. Withdraw
From city smoke, and trip with agile foot,
Oft as the day begins, the steepy down
Or velvet lawn, earning the bread you eat.
Rise with the lark and with the lark to bed.
The breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of every flower that blows. Go to the field,
And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps
Soon as the sun departs? Why close the eyes
Of blossoms infinite, ere the still moon
Her oriental veil put off? Think why,
Nor let the sweetest blossom be exposed
That nature boasts, to night's unkindly damp.
Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
Compelled to taste the rank and poisonous steam
Of midnight theatre, and morning ball.
Give to repose the solemn hour she claims,
And from the forehead of the morning steal
The sweet occasion. O there is a charm
The morning has, that gives the brow of age
A smack of youth, and makes the lip of youth
Shed perfumes exquisite. Expect it not,
Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
Indulging feverous sleep, or wakeful dream

Of happiness no mortal heart has felt
But in the regions of romance. Ye fair,
Like you it must be wooed or never won.
And being lost it is in vain ye ask
For milk of roses and Olympian dew.
Cosmetick art no tincture can afford
The faded feature to restore: No chain,
Be it of gold, and strong as adamant,
Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.
But leave me not the gentle Isabel
Unsung, though nature on her cheek no rose
Has planted, and the lily blossom there
Without a rival.—Look within and learn
That nature often on the mind bestows
What she denies the face.—O, she is kind,
And gives to every man his proper gift,
To make him needful in the land he lives.
There is not inequality so strange
'Twixt man and man as haughty wits suppose.
The beggar treads upon the monarch's heel
For excellence, and often wears a heart
Of noble temper, under filth and rags:
While he that reigns, in spite of outward pomp,
Is mean and beggarly within, and far outweighed
By the offensive lazar at his gate.
Th' unlettered fool that daily steers the plough,
With vacant head, and heart as unimproved
As the dull brute he drives, gives to the world
A necessary good, which all thy pains,
Ingenious Critick, or thy deep research,
Profound Philosopher, thy preaching, Clerk,
Thy prattle, Lawyer, or thy grave demurs,
Costly Physician, hardly shall exceed.
The kingly tulip captivates the eye,
But smelt we loath, while the sweet violet,
That little beauty boasts, hid from the sight,
With such a fragrant perfume hits the sense

As makes us love ere we behold. And so
The gaudy peacock of the feathered race
The noblest seems, till the sweet note be heard
That nightly cheers the musing Poet's ear
Under the thorny brake ; and then we grant
That little Philomel, so unadorned,
Needs not the aid of plumes. So Isabel,
Internal worth upon thy cheek bestows
A rose's beauty though no rose be there.
A heart that almost breaks to be rebuked,
A mind informed, yet fearful to be seen,
Kept by a tongue that never but at home,
And cautious then, its golden trust betrays—
These are thy charms, and they are charms for me,
And in my eye as sweet a grace bestow,
As matchless beauty tricked in airy smiles
And suit of fantasy, what time she trips
With foot inaudible the sprightly round
Of fairy dance, outshining every star
And planet of the night. And these shall last,
As morning fair, and fresh as amaranth,
When all thy triumphs, Beauty, are no more.

He thus concludes the first division of his poem :

If there be man,
Who thus far has perused my careless page,
In hopes to find a palliative to vice,
Here let us part.—An enemy to mirth
Who deems me, does me wrong. I hold it good
To laugh away a portion of my days,
And give to mirth her song, to sport her feather.
But he that draws his wit to stab at truth,
And is the friend of folly when he smiles,
Has lived too long. O let me never be
Virtue's assassin, or the shield of vice.

Kind heaven, if there be an hour so black
Yet lodged in future time: O cut me off
Ere it arrive, and send me to my grave
E'en in the pride and glory of my strength.

By what we have already extracted, the reader will perceive that not only his sentiments but his versification are characterised by simplicity; that there is no pomp of phrase, or artificial decoration; but that all is simple, graceful and natural. Much of his song the Poet addresses to the ladies; and to them especially we strongly recommend him. But the author speaks for himself, and if the former as well as the following extract do not find an "echo in the bosom" of every fair one, whom chance or curiosity may lead to the perusal, we should think little of her taste, and still less of her sentiments.—

Ye gentle Powers (if any such there be
And if there be not, 'tis a sweet mistake
To think there be) that day by day, unseen,
Where souls unanimous, and linked in love,
In sober converse spend the vacant hour,
Hover above, and in the cup of life
A cordial pour that all its bitter drowns,
And gives the hasty minutes as they pass
Unwonted fragrance; come and aid my song.
In that clear fountain of eternal love
That flows for aye at the right hand of him,
The great Incomprehensible ye serve,
Dip my adventurous pen. that nothing vile,
Of the chaste eye or ear unworthy, may
In this my early song be seen or heard.
Proceed we then to mark the Curate's steps,

His mode of living, manners, and pursuits,
As down the steep declivity of life
He glides, and hastens to the hungry grave.
One year the limits of our song confine,
From early spring, till spring return again.
Then let the muse begin, when Winter yet
Powders the lawn with snow, and on our eaves
Hangs the chaste Icicle. Be that the time,
When the tired sportsman lays his gun aside,
Nor wages ineffectual war again
On partridge race. The day St. Valentine,
When maids are brisk, and at the break of day,
Start up and turn their their pillows, all agog
To know what happy swain the fates provide
A mate for life. Then follows vast discharge
Of true love knots and sonnets nicely penned,
But to the learned critick's eye no verse,
But prose distracted, galloping away
Like yelping cur with kettle at his tail.
Forgive the thought, ye maids of poesy,
And be as kind as fair. A man may laugh
And yet approve, and I your pains applaud,
Though short of excellence. I love the maid
That has ambition, and betrays a mind
Of active and and ingenious turn ; that scorns
Only to be what fashion and the age
Require, and can do more than flirt her fan,
Read novels, dance with grace, sing play-house airs,
Talk scandal, daub, or vellum o'er her face,
Retain some half-a-dozen terms in French,
Aad half as many English, and dispatch
By every post a tedious manuscript,
Which to translate would crack the very brain
Of Arabick Professor. O ye fair,
Ye were designed for nobler flights than these.
Nature on you as well as us bestowed

The good capacity: And though to us
She gave the nicer judgment, yet she hid
The sweet defect in you, with better skill
To clothe the fair idea, keener eye,
And quicker apprehension. 'Tis in you
Imagination glows in all her strengh,
Gay as the robe of spring, and we delight
To see you pluck her blossoms, and compose
The cheerful nosegay for the swain you love.
What if Alcanor's self should not disdain
To imitate your heart, but sometimes hang
Ill-woven chaplets on Maria's brow,
That needs no ornament to set it off
With better grace; the hour so spent shall live,
Not unapplauded, in the book of heaven.
For dear and precious as the moments are,
Permitted man, they are not all for deeds
Of active virtue. Give we none to vice,
And Heaven will not strict reparation ask
For many a summer's day and winter's eve
So spent as best amuses us. Alas!
If he that made us were extreme to mark
The trifled hour, what human soul could live?
We trifle all, and he, who best deserves,
Is but a trifler. What art thou, whose eye
Follows my pen, or what am I that write?
Both triflers. 'Tis a trifling world, from him
Who banquets daintily in sleeves of lawn,
To him who starves upon a country cure;
From him who is the pilot of a state,
To him who begs and rather begs than work.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ANALECTA....No. VII.

"Undique collatis membris."

FENELON.

THE illustrious Fenelon, (says the Abbe Maury,) as a man, was the model of the age in which he lived. He was so also, as a writer. In his style he was simple and sublime, without ever being vulgar or turgid. He preferred the solid to the splendid. He disdained those ill-timed sallies, which stop the career of genius; and one would imagine, that he had produced Telemachus at one sitting. I defy the most penetrating, the ablest, and the most experienced writer in the world, to point out the moments when Fenelon quitted his pen, and when he resumed it; so easy, so connected, are his transitions. If he treats of heaven, his description rises, and is at once wonderful and grand; if he descends to the earth, to paint the meadows, the flowers, and the streams, like these too, his description is lively, beautiful and flowing. In this poem, he had two great difficulties to encounter: The language in which he wrote was stubborn, and he had to subdue it; the objects he was to describe were scattered, and he had to unite them: He effected both, without ever the appearance of labour. Master of his thoughts his expressions are clear; they strike you, they

win you, they convince you: he does not describe—he paints. Always polished, always harmonious, always equal, he well knew the force of that grammatical connection, which we so much neglect, which made the richness of the Greek language, and without which there can be no style. We do not see him straining at a thought from line to line, labouring for phrases, so precise, and yet so scattered, where the writer leaps forward from period to period, always betraying his own lameness, and rising with labour only to fall with disgrace. His elocution, full and sonorous, enriched with metaphors the most happy, with allegories the most sublime, with images the most picturesque, exhibits nothing to us, but propriety, majesty, elegance and ease. In a word, Fenelon gives a soul to his language. Noble, enchanting, inimitable, perhaps too abundant, it resembles his virtue.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

When you compose, dare to forget the age you live in. Never have for judges but Horace, Boileau, and Longinus; and if your imagination has need of assistance, place their busts before your desk. Ask their opinions upon each passage that you write, and upon each period that you compose, and they will never deceive you. But, above all, think of the future: life is short and uncertain. Perhaps the day

after the impression of your first work, you may enter the grave. Death is sure: but if your book is good it will live forever. Think then only of the future, and avoid those common men who tell you the contrary. This idea will sublime your thoughts, and teach you to estimate every thing according to its real value; you will then subdue your age; you will receive from it the incense which you desire; you will command the admiration of those who run in the same course with you; you will force them to stifle the jealousy which consumes them; and you will fly from age to age with Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare and Corneille, to a glorious and certain immortality.

To give to this immortality a double splendour, and that it may do honour to your soul, as well as to your genius, whatever be the kind of writing you adopt, sustain with vigour the cause of morality. And be persuaded, that although some books may enjoy the fanaticism of a moment, the work alone, of which sound morality is the basis, will have a reputation that will increase from century to century; while that of a work formed on false principles will diminish from day to day. What a sublime genius was that of Jean Jaques! How astonishing a wit was Voltaire! But will the immortality of the author of the *New Heloise* be ever worth that of the author of Clarissa? And where is the man, who, were he to die to-morrow, and had the choice given him, would not

rather present himself before posterity with *Telemachus* alone in his hand, than with the forty volumes of Monsieur de Voltaire ?

GENEVA.

A Letter from an English Traveller in Geneva.

They told me here that all the girls were chaste ; and I believed them, for I am naturally a very credulous man. Here are some reasons which might tempt a traveller less simple than myself to suspect the contrary. There is no play-house, nor any publick amusement in the city of Geneva ; and reading is the only resource against *ennui*. In consequence of this, a number of booksellers hire books by the month at a very low price. The first acquaintance I generally make in a town is that of a bookseller ; and during half an hour that I was talking with one the day after my arrival here, in came three girls, one after another, to hire the *New Heloise*. Pray, said I to the bookseller, what is the general reading of this country ? Young people, said he, like books with fine sentiments ; women a little mature, prefer those which are light and brilliant. He appeared to me to have unfolded his nation by this trait ; the girls all enamoured of Rousseau ; the women all admirers of Voltaire. Yes, thought I, the thing is clear ; they begin by imitating Eloisa ; and when their St. Preux forsake them, or the devil begins to frighten them, they read Voltaire to give them

courage and spitits. Well, Sir, not at all; I guessed like a fool. The girls are all virtuous; there never was one suspected; and what makes this miracle still more astonishing is, they have leave to go out by themselves in the morning, and they avail themselves of it every day.

The Genevese thinks that he is somewhat like the ancient Roman; as a Petty Prince in Germany thinks that he resembles Louis the Fourteenth.

The tradesman of this country is of all men he who imposed upon me the most; and he cheats with an insolence equal to his baseness.

I saw few people of the first class; but those I did see appeared to me amiable, sensible, and well informed. The men in general wish to pass for wits, the women for free-thinkers.

SHAKESPEARE.

A LATE English writer makes use of the following bold and energetick language in defending Shakespeare against the illiberal attacks of M. de Voltaire.

Homer had his Zoïlus, and Voltaire his Freron; Bavius was the enemy of Virgil, and Pradon of Racine; the Academy of the Crusca criticised Tasso; and Cardinal Richlieu was jealous of Corneille: *Shakespeare alone was above envy:* Elizabeth patronized him; Southamp-

ton* loved him; all the poets and criticks, his contemporaries and successors, have vied with each other in praising him; the admiration of him increases daily in his own country, and is going to increase throughout Europe; Ben Jonson, Milton, and Dryden, Pope, Warburton, and Johnson, do not speak of him but with transport; a whole nation adores him; and if I had not here undertaken his defence, I should have added, that he is admired by each individual of that nation, in proportion to the gifts which that individual has received from nature; in proportion to the knowledge which he has acquired by reading good authors, and conversing with enlightened men; in proportion to the number of countries that he has seen, and of languages that he possesses; in proportion to the study that he has made of the human heart, and of the beauties of nature; in proportion, in a word, to the depth of his understanding, to the variety of his knowledge, and to the justness and purity of his taste.

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* This was that noble Lord Southampton, the friend of the unfortunate Earl of Essex, who, having heard that Shakespeare wanted a thousand guineas to make a purchase, sent them to him. 'This trait of generosity,' says the author of the *Dictionnaire portatif des hommes célèbres*, 'would pass for a fable in every other country but in England, where solid rewards are bestowed on the merit which other nations only esteem.'

ANECDOTE OF ALEXANDER THE FIRST,
The present Empereur of Russia.

THE laws of Russia enact that one youth out of every peasant's family shall be liable to serve as a soldier, and, in case there should be but one son only in a family, that *that* son shall be exempt from the operation of military conscription. Notwithstanding this, a peasant, whose eldest son was slain in battle, saw, not only his second son torn from his home, but his third also, who was compelled to join the new levy ordained in the autumn of 1804; so that himself, (an old man,) with his disconsolate wife, a daughter who was both diseased and blind, and his youngest son, a little deformed being, were left forlorn and helpless. Their remonstrances and entreaties being disregarded, himself and and his unfortunate family were at once consigned to a life of penury and wretchedness. The mother died shortly after of a broken heart, and thus was the period of her sufferings *soon* closed; but what pen shall describe the melancholy situation of the unhappy group she left behind to bemoan her loss? a poor old man—

Whose hoary locks proclaim'd his lengthen'd years,

reproaching himself loudly with having given his offspring existence without the means of preserving it; his daughter, blind and helpless, bewailing the loss of a mother, whose tender

care might have preserved her father and brother, whilst she is left to add to their load of misery; and his son, a poor unhappy cripple, exclaiming, in an agony of grief,—"*I* ought to work for you—*I* ought to support you—but alas! I have not the power to do so. Oh! why was I not made like other men?" Can a more deplorable spectacle of accumulated misery than this be conceived? What heart is there but will bleed at the bare mention of such a scene of suffering innocence?

Possessed with the idea that it was to him the task of supporting his hoary parent and his unfortunate sister had devolved, the noble-minded cripple conceived the heroick resolution of encountering every danger to save *them* from destruction. Unmindful of his infirmities, this generous youth enquired the road to the metropolis, and travelled five hundred wersts,* subsisting merely on the scanty pittance which his pitiable state extorted from the poor peasants, whose humble dwellings are thinly scattered over the deserts of northern Russia, and at length after surmounting innumerable difficulties, he arrived at the imperial capital. What a novel sight there presented itself to his astonished faculties!—the gilded steeples, the noble palaces, the incessant rumbling of carriages, the tumult which generally pervades the streets, and the consciousness of his own helpless condition, all

* The Russian werst contains 3500 feet, about three quarters of an English mile.

conspired to dishearten him. Is it then to be wondered at, that he should shudder at the idea of imploring succour from the lord of all these prodigies, and, perhaps of even conversing with him? Under these discouraging circumstances, how few would have remained stedfast to such a purpose as his!—Heaven only knows in what manner he procured his tale of wo to be committed to paper: he repaired with it to the parade, where the emperour daily reviews the troops; but, alas! he arrived too late. He went there again the next day; but, at the sight of the troops, and the pomp which surrounds the Emperour's person, his courage utterly forsook him. Resolving that filial duty should no longer be overawed by the fear of any being, mortal as himself, on the third day he threw himself on his knees before the Emperour and presented his sad memorial Alexander immediately ordered one of his attendants to take charge of it, and as his looks rested on the emaciated cripple, whose whole appearance bore testimony to the truth of his tale, a tear started in his eye. As soon as the parade was over and the Emperour had returned to his palace, he requested to see the memorial: it was brought to him, and, as he perused it, his generous feelings revolted at such an instance of inhuman oppression. He immediately sent it to the minister of Justice, Prince Lapuchin, whom he directed to enquire minutely into the affair, and, if he found it authenticated by facts,

to give the poor cripple's brother his dismissal without delay, and to consign the governour, and all others who were concerned in this barbarous act of tyranny, to the punishment awarded by those laws which they had so glaringly violated. Prince Lapuchin, who was fortunately a man of the most humane and benevolent disposition, immediately caused the affair to be investigated, and found it but too well grounded. On receiving the minister's report, Alexander generously ordered the peasant's son to be set at liberty, and five hundred roubles to be paid to his poor brother, as a small indemnification for the sufferings which the family had endured. Lapuchin could not forbear being an eye witness to the joy, which the unfortunate young man would naturally testify on receiving such unexpected intelligence, and ordered him into his presence. Trembling with anxiety, the poor cripple accordingly repaired to the prince's palace, to receive life or death from his communication. The antichamber was crowded with persons of every rank and description, some of whom, having heard the young man's story, endeavoured to bereave him of all hopes of a successful issue to his petition. At length Prince Lapuchin appeared, with the Emperour's order in his hand. "Go," said he to him, "go and fetch your brother; a kibitke is waiting for you below." The poor cripple, frantick with joy, uttered a loud cry, fell down, and embraced the knees of the worthy Prince, who raised him up again. In the ecstacy of the

moment, he laughed, he wept, all earthly grandeur vanished from his mind, and he forgot that he stood surrounded by a crowd of Russian nobles. He asked again and again, whether it were really true that his dear brother was to be restored to the embraces of his grey-headed father and his poor blind sister? The Prince assured him that it was, showed him his sovereign's signature, and ordered the money to be paid to him. He now knew no bounds for his joy, and it was long before his mind regained even a moderate degree of composure.

Every spectator was affected to behold so much sensibility and feeling inherent in the breast of one who scarcely bore the semblance of a human being; and all participated in his rejoicing. What a gratifying sight must it not have been for the generous Lapuchin.

The happy youth hurried down to the kibitke, and hastened to release his brother, who was stationed at Gatschina, about forty wersts from St. Petersburg. He soon conducted him back, in triumph, to his now happy family, whom their beneficent sovereign had rescued from misery and starvation. The inhuman author of all their calamities was shortly after dismissed, with infamy, from the Emperour's service.

Alexander! thou best of monarchs!

"How could my tongue
Take pleasure and be lavish in thy praise!
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!
Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy
And inborn truth!"

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TASTE.

An old Dialogue with a new varnish, to suit the present fashionable Style.

'MADAM Sophia Herietta Squab, (said a gentleman, in a gay circle of what is called polite company,) will you have the goodness to favour us with a definition of Taste?

'Lord,' (replied Madam Sophia Henrietta Squab, with her usual grace and vivacity,) did any body ever hear such a stupid question?—Why, is not taste every thing, which every body of taste does in polite life? And does not every body know that? And how could you ask me such a stupid question, you odious creature, you?"

'Most excellently answered,' (rejoined the querist) 'upon my honour—very just and very witty—but your Ladyship was born to conquer in every thing. Miss Olivia Ogle, will you be condescending enough to favour me with your opinion on the matter? What is taste?

'There's a question!' (answers Miss Ogle, with a leer round the whole room)—why, what do you think it should be, but to go three times a week to the theatre, and attract the attention of all the audience, and the players into the bargain, by viewing them with an opera glass

from the stage box !'—'Oh, that is not half so *tasty*' (interrupted Miss Acsah Maria Juliana Skipabout) as going every Saturday morning to Labottierre's Pantheon in Pond-street, where we dance waltzes, and make all the fellows fall in love with us ; ha, ha, ha !'—'He, he, he, (echoes back a smooth-faced Macaroni,) let me perish if ever I heard any thing so witty since I was born.' 'Nor I, upon my honour,' (says the querist)—'Will Miss Blab entertain us with her sentiments on this subject ?

'O to be sure, sir—Let me die, but I think it the finest taste in the world to have an officer of the Navy in love with one—and then to be in love with an officer who has been up the Mediterranean with Commodore Preble !'

'The happiest definition I ever heard,' (says the querist) replete with sense, sentiment and elegance. Mrs. Faddle is always good-natured, and will not, I am sure, refuse to be so on this occasion. What think you, Madam, of the subject in dispute ?'

'As I live, Sir, I think a fine neck, white teeth, and a slender arm, naked from the shoulder down below the elbow, to be the *tastiest* things in the world.'

'Oh Lard ! Madam ! no—(rejoins Miss Catharine Abagail Louisa Bellair) how can you say any such thing ?—A broad hat trimmed with love ribband, and knots, and artificial flowers is allowed by every body in the world to be the very thing—Taste itself.'

The decision of the case now came to the gentlemen. The Macaroni, before mentioned, stretching out his legs, and twirling his hat, said, 'he wondered how the devil people could look for taste any where but at Julien's or Whitcomb's.'

'That's strange too, (answered a noted gambler who sat at his elbow) did you ever hear of a man of taste who was not a frequenter of the billiard table?'

'Yes, I have indeed, (replies a fat Justice of the Peace)—Ladies and Gentlemen you're all wrong. You may say what you will about theatres, and waltzes, and officers, and hats, and teeth, and Julien's, and billiards, and such like things. But I'll be pummelled if the best taste of all is not the taste of roast beef and venison.'—

'Excellent definition! most admirable taste!' exclaimed the whole company; while the room echoes round with simperings, titterings and horse-laughs.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

Scene from the Comedy of 'The Soldier's Daughter.'

MODERN RAILLERY.

Widow. Ha, ha, ha! Upon my word, sir, I perceive you are perfectly an adept in fashionable manners, and stand upon little ceremony.

Frank H. None at all, Madam; we merchants pride ourselves upon the bluntness of our manners and the plainness of our dealings.

Widow. Indeed, Sir?

Frank H. Yes, indeed, Madam; we'll transact you an hundred thousand pounds worth of business in a morning, without so much as a yes or a no; the pen that crosses the mouth is an emblem of silence; but if we are compelled to answer questions, we always keep in the counting house a dumb, but candid orator, that is sure to speak honourably for us.

Widow. A dumb and honourable orator!—who is that, pray?

Frank H. The Ledger.

Widow. But now you are out of the counting-house, I perceive *your* eloquence is not of that mute nature—*you* are no ledger.

Frank H. You shall find me as faithful, madam.

Widow. 'Tis not my business to examine your accounts, sir; but should I bring you to book, notwithstanding all your boasted regularity, there is something in that sly countenance that tells me you have *sometimes* staked your credit at too great a venture. In the case of a *consignment* now, we'll say—for instance—a lady's heart—

Frank H. Oh!—Errours excepted!

Widow. What! you own it, do you?

Frank H. Yes, madam, in a mercantile way. Look you, madam: I am a plain fellow; nei-

ther more nor less than the character I boast, and hope I shall never disgrace—*an English merchant*—I throw down no man's inclosure, trample upon no man's corn, take nothing from the industrious labourer, pay the poor man for his work, and communicate my profit with mankind. I trust I have a heart to succour the distressed, and what I can fairly spare I distribute freely. If you can take for granted an odd wild fellow's report of himself, there it is—you have it, madam.

Widow. Why, really, sir, I never heard a better character; and if you would contrive to get it backed by the church wardens of your parish, I might, perhaps, give a little credit to it.

Frank H. Well, madam; if you cannot credit the character you have just now had of me, from a devilish honest fellow, I must even refer you to your friend Mr. Ferret. He, perhaps, may be better acquainted with me than I am with myself; he knows me.

Widow. He hinted as much. *(dryly.)*

Frank H. Did he?—then that's all you can expect from him. He hinted to me that he knew *you*—but the devil a syllable more could I get out of the old close-lipped curmudgeon.

Widow. My situation, sir, is above disguise. I am the daughter of a gallant officer, who served his country nobly; and, retiring to the humble vale of rural seclusion, at an advanced age he died, bequeathing to his son and daugh-

ter his sole possessions—his laurels and his honour.

Frank H. Enviable, madam, though not substantial.

Widow. Now, sir, I am my own mistress—accountable for my actions to no person living.

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. I am a single woman—

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. But have been married—

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. My husband dead—

Frank H. (aside) Thank heaven!—I know that too.

Widow. A free disencumbered estate—

Frank H. Damn the estate! I beg your pardon, madam—don't mention the estate. You are single—that's enough: you have been married—did you like the state?

Widow. Yes—I think I did.

Frank H. Humph—think you did!—Fond of your husband?

Widow. Humph—Y—es—I think I was: I was married but three years—did'nt see much of him.

Frank H. Wha—wha—what!—not in three years?

Widow. No. The sports of the field charmed him from his home always at day break: himself and his friends generally returned in the evening, time enough for a late dinner—drank their wine, and went to bed. The next morning—

Frank H. Well, madam—the next morning?

Widow. The same career commenced again; and so on to the end of the *third chapter*.

Frank H. And, for heaven's sake, madam, how did you behave?

Widow. Why, sir—how *should* I behave?

Frank H. Upon my soul, I can't tell, madam; —but I think I could contrive to get you a lesson in some married family between Piccadilly and Aldgate.

Widow. I was always happy to see him return in health and spirits. His eyes sparkled with pleasure when I met him at the gate; and as he introduced me to each new guest, he would say, "This is my wife—look at her—she has a heart as open as my wine cellar. My hall is heaven to me whenever I enter it. Kiss me, my girl; make my friends welcome, and let's have a good dinner."

Frank H. And though thus neglected you complied?

Widow. Neglected? I never felt it in that sense. The strong prejudice of his education rendered his habits unconquerable; an attempt to counteract them on my side must naturally produce strife: besides, it was his only failing; for he was open, generous, hospitable, and manly; his whole estate was at my disposal, either to gratify my vanity in all the little time-serving foppery of my sex, or in the more solid sensations of relieving human misery.

Frank H. How shall I convince you that I love you ?

Widow. To what purpose would you convince me ? You have a heart ventured on another voyage : when it returns you may calculate the profit and loss ; if you find it still marketable, perhaps the bargain may be offered—to our house.

Frank H. Though you speak in my own phrase, I don't understand you, Madam.

Widow. No, that's surprizing : pray, sir, have you not visited another lady in this house?

Frank H. Madam—a—no—ther lady.

Widow. Yes, Sir, another lady ; to whom you were pleased to say, as I am informed, abundance of civil things.

Frank H. Madam !

Widow. You were much struck with her person, and felt a lively concern for her misfortunes.

Frank H. Upon my honour, Madam, you, you, *(aside)* yes, at it again ; another scrape!

Widow. A husband will sometimes be an unmannerly intruder ; and if a gentleman can sneak out of such a situation with a whole skin—

Frank H. He certainly has no right to be displeased with his adventure.

Widow. Am I right, Sir ?

Frank H. Yes, Madam, the *entries* are pretty fair ; but as to the sum total—

Widow. Oh !—*Errours excepted !*

Frank H. Ha, ha, ha! That I have accidentally conversed with a lady in this house, does not admit of a doubt: but let the result of that interview be what it may, my heart approves, and my conscience cannot reproach me with it.

DRAMATICK ANECDOTES.

Much stress has always been laid on this passage in Horace, de arte poeticâ sive *Dramaticâ*;

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi sibi—

and it is supposed, that, in a highly wrought scene of woe, the actor suffers sensibly from the distress of that passion. We have all heard it said, that the effect produced on Mrs. Siddons, from entering too deeply into the feelings, which she so admirably excites in the character of Isabella, has been very alarming; and that other performers have been unable, at the end of a piece, to walk off the stage. Such may have been the effect, but we are not ready to admit that the true cause has been alleged. Affectation out of the question, it may, in my opinion, arise from excessive fatigue, through violent efforts, but never from the indulgence of the passion which they mimick. Take this anecdote to support the assertion.

Garrick roused the feelings more than any actor on record, and most probably suffered as much from their exertion. However, I have lately learned, from a medical gentleman of eminence, that on his once making the above remark to Tom King, the comedian, he received this reply :—Pooh— he suffer from his feelings! Why, Sir, I was playing with him one night in Lear, when in the middle of a most passionate and afflicting part, and when the whole house was drowned in tears, he turned his head round to me, and putting his tongue in his cheek, whispered '*Damme, Tom, it'll do!*' So much for stage-feelings! In fine, an actor may make others feel, without feeling himself, as a whetstone can work up steel until it cuts, which the whetstone never does. [*Mirror.*]

An account of a riot at the Haymarket theatre, London, which happened on account of Mr. Dowton's bringing forward a piece called 'The Tailors, or a Tragedy for Warm Weather,' was given some months since in the Polyanthos;—in addition to which the following letter is added, as a characteristick document of ignorance, of the transaction itself, and of the illiberal prejudices that have long prevailed concerning the profession of an actor.

August 14, 1805.

"Sir,

"Tis From an *Intemation,* which we have received as Announced to the Publick in Gen-

eral, that You Intend Bringing forth A piece Next thursday Evening, wich tends to *Redicule* and jest the trade of Taylors, an attempt wich *as* Been made twice on Former Occasions, By Quick and Fossett, and No oftener attempted, than *as* Been Baffled by the Vigorous Exertions of that Honourable trade which you now attempt to set forth as Publick Sport, although *Mechanicle* Men, Far beyond the *Redicule* of the Stage, or so Low a Class, I am Astonished that Men of Publick Character, Men that *is* Deem'd Vagabonds By the Law, should attempt to *redicule* A trade So Ancient and Honourable a Date, and I Cannot Help Expressing My Sorrow that So many *Witts* wich *as* Amused the Publick for such a Length of time, *is* so Empty of Matter, as to have no Other Amusement for your Audienc *then* that wich is Announced, All that I have Inform you of is, that if you will *possist* In Bringing forth this piece next thursday Evening or Any Future period, it will meet with that Reception, wich the piece Merits, and I think I can Promise You what is Very Desirable to a A New Piece, that is a Full House (of those Men which you have so Wisely attempted to Sport on.)

" I am, Sir, yours, &c.

" THE SOCIETY OF *GERNY* MEN TAILORS

" *Held at the Fountain tavourne, Clare-street, Clare-Market.*

ONE evening when there were very few persons in the house at the Italian comedy, Columbine having a secret to whisper—Harlequin said to her—"Speak out, foolish girl! here is nobody to hear you."

THE Italians were forbidden the use of musick, on which a pretended ass was brought upon the stage purposely to bray. "Silence! insolent rascal!" said Harlequin, "musick is forbidden here!"

GARRICK AND FOOTE.

The Lying Valet being one night added as an after-piece to the admirable comedy of *The Devil upon two Sticks*, Garrick, coming into the green-room, cried out to Foote, "Well Sam! I see, after all, you are glad to take up with one of my farces."—"Why yes, David," said the other, "what could I do better? I must have some *ventilator* for this excessive hot weather."

Previously to Foote's bringing out his *Primitive Puppet Show*, at the Haymarket theatre, a lady of fashion asked him, "Pray sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?" "Oh dear Madam, no: not much above the size of Garrick."

Foote praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a

gentleman present asked him whether he had ever been in Cork? "No, Sir," said he quickly, "but I have seen a great many *drawings* of it."

AT the performance of *Pizarro*, a short time since, at one of the provincial theatres in England, when the high priests were addressing the sun, it unfortunately took fire, and the manager who was officiating, first implored his deity---"O power divine!"---then called out to the people behind---"*D----n your eyes, put the sun!*" The manager, alas, continued to swear and the sun to blaze, to the no small amusement of the audience.

SELECT SENTENCES.

THERE is something extremely flattering to a generous mind, in the idea of administering relief to another's pains, to "explain the thought, *explore* the *asking eye.*" What a delightful employment! and, when crowned with success, by a recovery of our patient, we are conscious of an *exultation* of mind, which can *only* arise from the certainty of having done what nature claims, charity enjoins, and heaven approves.

To a mind not perfectly at ease, there is something extremely pleasing in the *quietness* of the

country. It is like that artificial repose, which is acquired by opiates after long watching; like that too, though it neither strengthens nor nourishes, it allows us time to recover our faculties, which are often as much harrassed by living constantly in the midst of crowds, as our nerves are by an acute disease.

It is somewhat difficult to reconcile the prodigious activity of *some* women at the call of pleasure, with that indolent life to which many confine themselves:—sometimes they seem all fire, at other times they scarcely breathe.

It is too often the case, that the agreeable qualities of the heart are more attractive than that steady virtue of the soul, which ought ever to form the strongest link of friendship. The easy, cheerful, and entertaining companion, *pleases more* than the determined adherer to reason, virtue, and religion! This is the nature of the human mind—and it is the source of fatal errours.

Affections are the feet of the mind, and therefore set a watch over them, lest they make her miscarry.

Evil thoughts are the devil's harbingers; for he lodgeth not, but where they provide entertainment.

The chief properties of wisdom are to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, provident of things to come.

POETRY.

ADDRESS,

IN DEFENCE OF THE STAGE,

Spoken by Mrs. Dykes, of the Boston Theatre, at her benefit, May 8, 1807.

WHAT various modes have different tastes designed
To charm, instruct, and harmonize the mind!
Some virtuous plan adorned each rising age,
By genius taught, nor least admired—the Stage.
The Greece and Athens saw their rising youth
Imbibe the hallowed sentiments of truth;
Fired with the ardour of some fancied deed,
They'd burn to conquer, or in glory bleed;
Dwelt with kind rapture, on the exalted theme,
Felt, cherished, and confessed the generous flame.
Hence rose that greatness, ages shall admire,—
The Patriot's virtue, and the Soldier's fire,
In godlike daring honourably vied,
And hailed the *Drama*, as their magick guide.
If such the power, ere while it could maintain,
At once *reform*, *improve*, and entertain;
If thus our wise forefathers could be taught,
With valour, science, and with honour fraught;
Why not the same effects in modern days?
Not less *your* taste, nor less refined *our* plays.
O then, ye ornaments of this great age,
Stand forth, and prop the glories of the Stage;

To you the heroes of this rising world,
Who late the thunder of the battle hurled
On freedom's foes, and joined the godlike band,
That blest with liberty, this happy land,
To you the tragick, and the comick muse,
Too long neglected, for protection sues;
Here would they gladly share their lettered store,
Dispense their treasure on Columbia's shore,
And teach your children in dramatick lays,
To tune their numbers to their fathers' praise,
Whose wisdom, valour, and whose dearest blood
Were greatly lavished for their country's good.
Your rising youth, thus taught, shall boldly soar,
And act in life as did their Sires before;
Give all your heroes to the deathless page,
And godlike WASHINGTON adorn the stage;
Shew every leader, by the drama's power,
That gave the blessing of the present hour.
Thus far each Muse commissioned me to plead,
And in your eyes the kind assent I read;
Then while good humour beams on every face,
Ere yet the smile of approbation cease,
On us performers, in this mimick world,
O, let no critick's rage this night be hurled;
Still on your tried indulgence let us build,
Whose generous smiles can imperfections *gild*.
To you we cheerfully submit our cause,
Bow to your censure, while we hope applause.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE WOLF AND WOODEN BEAUTY.

AN OLD FABLE NEW VAMPED.

O Pulchrum Caput!...*Sel. Fab. Æsopi.*

ONCE on a time a Wolf did pop
His head into a Carver's shop,
And there espied a bust of wood,
Made to resemble flesh and blood,
With eyes so black and skin so fair,
And arched brows and curled hair,
With pouting lips, and bosom's swell,
Cheeks painted like a modern belle,
Features in the most tonnish style,
Which simpered a perpetual smile.
He took her for bright beauty's goddess,
With cestus round her Paphian boddice.
But the poor beast had never seen
The blooming charms of Charlotte ——
For had he known the lovelier Charlotte,
He'd thought not on that heavenly harlot,
"O Jove," he cried, "what pangs I feel;
How handsome, dashy and genteel;
If such her outward form I find,
What are the beauties of her mind!
Sure she that's so divinely pretty
Must be supremely wise and witty."

He bowed and scraped, first at a distance;
But finding she made no resistance,

And to his flatteries all the while
Kept up the same enchanting smile,
Like brisk gallant whose roguish trade is
To steal the hearts of simple ladies,
Who when he hopes to gain their favour,
Still takes his cue from their behaviour,
And still applies his arts ensnaring,
Till frowns repulsive check his daring.
So Isgrim made more bold advances
Lured by his timber love's kind glances;
At length he dared assail her honour
And clapped his brutal paw upon her.
But when he found her made of wood,
In dumb perplexity he stood,
Then pawed the soulless beauty o'er,
And finding her a horrid bore,
He thus exclaimed—" Ah what a bite,
This comes from loving at first sight!
Thy features, mien, and tonnish dress,
Seem formed a lover's heart to bless;
But ah! within thy pretty skull,
How mean, how empty and how dull,
Beauty, 'tis true, all hearts enflames,
But what is beauty without brains?"
He said no more, but with a hop,
Growling contempt, he left the shop.

" What have we here?" the Cynick cries,
With frowning brow and critick eyes—

"What childish prattle 'tis to tell
Of talking beast and wooden belle!
A nursery tale, and only meet
To lull a brawling brat to sleep.
Shall we, in this enlightened age,
Quit the delights of Shakespeare's page,
Leave plays and novels and romances
For such poor mawkish childish fancies?
In school-boy days we had enough
Of Æsop's tales, and such like stuff."

But stop, my snarling, pride-puffed Cynick,
This tale has got a moral in it;
And this same moral may apply
Perhaps to boys of six feet high.
Have you not seen?—come, tell me truly,
(I know they're scarce as frost in July,)
Some female heads, no matter where,
Perhaps in Maine, or Delaware,
In Narraganset, or Patucket,
Or Martha's Vineyard, or Nantucket,
For wheresoe'er you did accost one,
We know 'twas not in town of Boston;
For there the gentlemen will swear
The ladies are as *wise* as fair.
Have you not seen some female noddles
As beautiful as Grecian models,
Made perfect the by hand of nature
With nicest symmetry of feature,

With spangled combs and gay egretts,
Or frizelled, jewelled, smart frizetts,
With essence, curling and pomatum,
Made fine as Lane or Swett could make'em—
Faces that might with Venus vie,
Or give to Helen's charms the lie;
Eyes, which sparkled with love's wiles;
Cheeks dimpling forth perpetual smiles;
And coral lips, which op'd beneath,
Not to converse, but show pearl teeth;
Have you not seen?—Zounds, stop your pen;
Yes, I *have* seen—and pray what then?

Then if you seek to choose a wife,
To comfort, stay, enliven life,
Not the companion of a day,
But help-meet on life's weary way;
Not she who thinks that life was made
For dress, and flutter, and parade,;
Who, scorning sweet domestick duty,
Sighs for the sovereignty of beauty,
And at the play house, mall, or ball,
Though bound to one, would conquer all—
But she who fills with nobler pride,
That female throne the fire side;
Who, with her bridal dress, lays by
The whims of girlish vanity;
And, in their stead, with pride embraces
The modest matron's solid graces;
Who seeks alone the toilet's aid,

To keep the conquest she has made
And makes, and seeks to make alone,
Your interests, cares, and joys her own.

And, should life's olive branches rise
To bless your fond parental eyes,
She who with all a mother's care,
The nursling plants can fondly rear;
The excrescent shoots with firmness prune,
Each noxious weed with care consume,
Till, nurtured by her fostering hand,
The rising plants grow and expand;
Bud, blossom, bear—while each survives
The ripened fruits of virtuous lives.

Or should misfortunes dire assail,
And friends look cold and credit fail,
She who through each distressing scene,
Is prudent, constant, and serene;
Who, when woes cluster, and the frown
Of wealth unfeeling, weighs you down,
With sweet affection's kindly power,
Sustains you in that trying hour;
Or, on her fond and faithful breast,
Lulls all your sorrows into rest.—
When sickness comes, (as come it must.
To us, weak children of the dust;
For life, when all its joys we have,
Is but a turnpike to the grave;
And fever, cholick, stone, and gout,

Are but mere guide posts on the rout.)—
When sickness comes, and fever dire
Awakes its slow consuming fire,
Or, when enraged, the tyrant reigns
Triumphant in your mantling veins;
When watchers fail, and nurses tire,
And hope seems ready to expire,
SHE, who with ever ready hand,
Takes by your side her patient ſtand;
With velvet step draws nigh your bed,
The pillow smooths beneath your head;
Cools your parch'd tongue with proffer'd sweets;
Though oft repulsed with kindness greets;
With languid smile can still sustain
The wayward petulance of pain,
Echo your groans, your sighs renew,
And seem to suffer more than you.

Come, youthful Bachelors, be candid,
Nor use me as that cynick man did—
An honest answer I require—
Is this the wife that you desire?
If so, before you rashly wed,
Muse on the simple tale you've read;
Before you tie the fatal knot,
Think on the Wolf and Carver's Shop. S.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

MR. EDITOR,

If any one of your brethren of the type contemplates the publication of a Newspaper, and should be puzzling himself for a title and motto, and cannot find better, the following are much at his service. S.

THE NEWSMONGER.

Of Mazy faction, politicks, and love
Of union blest, of youthful married pair,
Or bitter rue of age, with sweetest bud
Of rosy youth, by frolick H ymen tied
In grotesque bundle, of weeping widow
And orphan babes by dreadful accident
Bereaved, of monstrous births, and monsters brought
From distant climes to feast the curious eye
And lurch the treasured cent from gaping youth,
Of patent points and pills, and trader sly
Threatening with lawyer, ruthless writ and jail
His trembling debtor ; of tardy hectick
Or pestilence swift winged ; vindictive storm,
Appalling earthquake and tornado fell,
Or war, far more destructive in its rage ;
The NEWSMONGER shall tell. Oh as you read,
Let deep reflection mark the varied tale.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TO PSYCHE.

SHALL *female friendship* ever be
The butt of male malignity ?

Shall each proud stupid blockhead say,
"Our friendships are but for a day;
That all our passions are combined,
To drive that virtue from the mind;
That vanity, with busy hands
Still breaks its pure celestial bands;
That man alone was born to know
What real joys from friendship flow;
That women still must be content
With love's soft soothing blandishment?"
But let such nonsense be the theme
On which proud witlings vent their spleen;
Our friendship, which the nurs'ry brightened,
Which eighteen summers suns have ripened,
Shall long remain to give the lie
To such vain glorious phantasy;
And 'tho that idiot chit, beau Cupid,
Should to our merits still prove stupid,
Nor point his darts from our bright eyes
To make some tinsel fops our prize;
Yet still, by friendship's bands united,
We'll never feel that we are slighted;
But let our bright example move
Dull beaux to *envy*, if not *love*. COLLINA.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

LINES
On the Death of an Infant.

In life's parterre, what numerous germs disclose,
The loveliest tints, the sweetest blushing dies!

Th' enraptured florist views the opening rose,
Screen's it from every ruder wind that blows,
And richer future charms in embryo espies.
But ah! the spoiler stalks abroad, whose breath
Is pestilence, whose chilly touch is death!
With merc'less hand he crops the flower,
And all its promised beauty flies,
It falls beneath his baneful power,
Its sweets are scattered in an hour,
It shrinks, it withers, droops and dies.

Yet mourn not, ye, whose fostering love and care
To culture a beloved plant, has failed;
'Tis but transplanted to a garden where
Eternal summer smiles; 'twill flourish there
In living hues, by spoilers unassailed.
Farewell, sweet cherub! though our tears
Flow for the loss thy friends sustain,
We yet rejoice that added years
Nor gave thee pain, nor them new fears—
A loss to them, to thee eternal gain.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of Heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

While love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of thousand wild desires,

The savage and the human breast
Torments alike with raging fires.
With bright, but oft destructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the favourites of the sky.

Thy gentle flow of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend.
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
O guide us through life's darksome way!
And let the tortures of mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thy ardours cease to glow.
When souls to blissful climes remove;
What raised our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happiness above.

THE GIANT ANGLING.

His angle rod made of the sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke,
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock and bobb'd for whale.

THE DRAMA.

BOSTON THEATRE.

APRIL 27.—*Much Ado about Nothing.* This play introduced Mrs. Stanley in the character of *Beatrice*, which she sustained in her best manner. Mr. Bernard's *Benedict* was also distinguished by his customary spirit and vivacity. *Dogberry* and *Verges*, by Messrs. Dickenson and Fox, were truly laughable, and might fairly challenge the most long faced puritan to preserve the gravity of his countenance. Of the other parts, the less is said the better.

MAY 4.—*Alfonso.* Mrs. Shaw, to gratify her desire of *filling* all the *great* parts in tragedy, made choice of this play for her benefit. If *bulk* alone is requisite in the character of *Ottilia*, there is no actress, at present, on the boards who can dispute the pre-eminent claims of Mrs. Shaw. It is hardly possible to look at her, but the thoughts of Dame Quickly unavoidably pop into one's head ; and her face which is literally the " figure of fun," always creates laughter even in the most solemn scenes. It is by no means a gratification to us to see any performer speaking to naked walls, and we sincerely hope that Mrs. Shaw's *beggarly account of empty boxes*, will convince her of the truth of what she has

been so frequently told—that in the *Mrs. Malaprops* she is a publick favourite, while in the walks of tragedy she cannot fail of exciting aversion and dislike.—We believe Mrs. Shaw was perfect in the language of the author, a compliment which, if we except Mrs. Powell, can by no means be applied to any other performer in the piece.

May 6.—*The Curfew*, first time in America. Much has been said, and much written on this posthumous play of Tobin. We cannot deny that the plot possesses very strong interest, and the language, in many passages, is characterized by boldness of thought, and superlative beauty of expression. But whether it is entitled to that extravagant and unqualified praise which its admirers bestow upon it, we leave for the Reviewers of Literature to determine. As to the performance, some of the parts were above and others below mediocrity. Mr. Usher in *Fitzharding* evinced just conception of character, and indefatigable industry in study. We have no doubt Mr. Caulfield is every way competent to the character of the *Baron*, and wonder that he should tamely submit to the *officiousness* of a *whisperer* behind the wing, who kept a continual buzzing, to the no small vexation of all the audience who had ears. *Robert* by Mr. Fox, and *Florence* by Mrs. Stanley, were well supported. The scene in which *Robert* discovers *Florence* to be a woman, was played in a

style superiour to any other in the piece. Mrs. Powell played *Matilda* in a manner highly creditable to her reputation.

MAY 8.—*The Glory of Columbia*, first time in Boston. This catch-penny production is attributed by some to William Dunlap, Esq. of New-York, and by others to the late Mr. Brown, of Boston. Contention for the honour of being its author is, however, quite unncessary. Mr. Dunlap is living, and can claim the brat if he chooses; and the friends of Mr. Brown ought to be so kind to his memory, as not to commence a prosecution against any body who is willing to own it. Where, in the name of wonder, could the author pick up such a gallimaufry of nonsense? Where did he get 'David Williams' and his 'Sister Sal,' with their 'mush and molasses,' and their long stories about 'milk-pails and cow yards, pigs and petticoats?' In what country did he find *Dennis O'Bog*, with his knapsack full of potatoes, and his mouth full of ridiculous tales of 'spectacles' and 'women without noses?'—*Glory of Columbia* truly!—

We can say nothing more of the performance than that it ended in *smoke*.

MAY 13.—"A grand romantick melo-drama, in three acts, interspersed with musick, chorus, combats, &c. called RUDOLPH, or the *Robbers of Calabria*, written by Mr. Turnbull."—"A grand spectacle view of the burning of the frigate *Philadelphia*, in the harbour of Trip-

oli—a view of the Harbour, Town, and Fortifications of Tripoli."—"A grand—[keep your temper, good reader]—A grand military heroick Pantomime, called THE MAID OF HUNGARY, or *The Rigid Father*, performed in London upwards of ninety nights, and at the theatres New-York, Charleston, &c. with unbounded applause; by Mr. Turnbull." Patience, just Heaven! Is all this by Mr. Turnbull? and all for one evening's entertainment? Yes, gentle reader; and if you wish for a taste of these dramatick luxuries, here are two small *tid-bits* taken from the first course—

"Now, sir, I hope you'll believe me. And give me leave to tell you we shall finish our search by dashing ourselves down some dreadful precipice. Ough! how dark it is! what thick underwood! Lord, Sir, we muſt surely partake of the nature of a *weesel* to force a paſſage any farther." *Rudolph*, p. 5.

Excellent!!

"Hark! some one descends from above! My Albert, resume the posture, and if possible the gestures of a man newly perished." *Ibid.* p. 44.

Excellentissimo!!!

May 20. *The Soldier's Daughter.*—The character on which this pleasant comedy chiefly depends for success is the *Widow Cheerly*, and we think, that aided by the fascinating talents of Mrs. Stanley, it cannot fail of being a favourite

the next season. Mrs. S. has seldom been seen to greater advantage. The whole play was performed with more spirit and correctness than is usual at the benefits, where they are studied from one night to the next.—The part of *Malfort's Child* was performed by Miss Fox, to whose benefit the night was appropriated. This little wonder of the Boston stage is only *five* years old, and has performed in the course of the season *Edward* in *Every One has his Fault*—*The Page* in the *Purse*—and several other parts of less consequence. When we say that her performances have been *wonderful* we wish to be understood as speaking of a *child*. We have no hesitation, however, in declaring our firm belief that her efforts are at least equal to those of the Miss *Fishers* and Miss *Mudies* on the other side of the Atlantick.

Between the acts of the farce Mr. Fox led out this little favourite, who delivered to the audience the following VALEDICTORY ADDRESS, written for the purpose, by R. T. PAINE, jun. Esquire.

Farewell, a long farewell! dear patrons, friends!
This parting scene my infant bosom rends,
For spite of all my joy to see you here,
My heart will throb, and gush the frequent tear.
In you, my foster parents I behold;
Your kindness bade my tender mind unfold;
Warm'd by your smiles you saw me sportive run,
A little insect, fluttering in the sun;

Urchin I am, but me you've always lov'd,
My faults you pardon'd, and my tricks approv'd;
My heart will break to be remov'd from you,
And oh! My Mother, she has lov'd you too.
Full well you knew the faults of childish years;
The bud must blossom, ere the fruit appears,
And oft by smiling you have seem'd to say,
I'd grow a woman on some future day.
And then some beau gallant my face might charm,
"Heav'n save the mark," these eyes may do some harm;
Oh! how I've long'd that I might older grow,
To join this mimick world of joy and woe;
And teach some future scene, with graceful ease,
To charm like Stanley, or like Powell please;
But oh! those fairy prospects now are o'er,
Farewell! perhaps we part to meet no more;
Pardon a child, forgive her artless tears,
She leaves the friends she loves, esteems, reveres;
Whate'er in life may be my varied lot,
Boston, dear Boston, ne'er shall be forgot;
Nor time shall bar, nor distance interfere,
My heart shall still return to visit here;
And if success attend my riper days,
How proud I'll be to have deserv'd your praise,

Farewell!—a sad farewell!—Sires, Guardians, Friends!
May Heaven, whose bounty all our blessings sends,

Pluck from *life's path* the *thorn* that would molest,
And smooth *death's pillow*, as you sink to rest!
And then receive you, borne on white wing'd hours,
Thro' opening clouds, to joys eternal bowers!

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE Boston Theatre closed for the season on the 25th May. The company are all engaged for the next season, except Mr. Fox, who goes to Charleston.

Mr. Cromwell, the gentleman who appeared on the Boston stage in *Romeo*, *Octavian*, &c. in the winter of 1802, is likewise engaged by the managers. He has since been playing at the southern theatres.—Report says we are also to have Mr. Jefferson, who is well remembered by the lovers of laughter and fun.

Mr. and Mrs. Darley and Mr. Morse have visited Charleston since the close of the New-York theatre. Mr. M. and Mrs. D. made their first appearance on the Charleston boards in the characters of *Pierre* and *Belvidera*.

The Columbian Museum.

Messrs. Bowen & Doyle have nearly completed a new building for the Columbian Museum. It has a spacious and elegant hall with three galleries; and in addition to what was saved

from the fire of last winter, is to be decorated with an elegant painting, commemorative of that event. It will probably be an attracting place of amusement during the summer season.

Portrait of Mr. Sullivan.

Mr. G. Fox has issued proposals for publishing by subscription an engraved likeness of the Hon. James Sullivan. The art of engraving has hitherto been shamefully neglected in our country; and an artist who could produce a well-engraved portrait has rarely been found. Mr. Fox has our cordial wishes for his success.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

To the frequent inquiries of our readers "Why are the promised extracts from *Dibdin's Tour* discontinued?" we answer—*The book was lent us, not through politeness or friendship as we at first were simple enough to imagine, but from a mean and selfish motive, and is not now in our possession.*—If they are not answered yet, we further inform them that—*Had the reviewer of Boston theatricals in the Polyanthos, No. 16, p. 287, been venal enough to applaud the* 'stiff and starch' *appearance and four-foot queue of* Major O'Flaherty, *they might still have been gratified with the elegant* Letters of Mr. Dibdin.

'Collina's Portrait'—'Eliza'—and several other favours, necessarrily excluded this month.

Soliman . Mellimelu